



VOLUME 18 NO.2
FEBRUARY 22, 2002
HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

the OMEN



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omen

Volume 18, Number 2
February 22, 2002

layout & editing

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THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIR:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by David Frankel
Back Cover by Aundria Theocles
and Karl Moore



to submit

Submissions are due **Fridays before noon**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Zole: **Merrill B007, Box 853, x5303**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to ajm99@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

My breasts and I are separate entities.

Quote attributed to Rosalina Valdez

FROM THE EDITOR



Although last issue was my first as the Omen's official Editor, I have been involved with this esteemed publication since Fall 1999 – that's almost five semesters. In that time the Omen has seen more than its fair share of controversy, but here's the wacky part: nobody involved with the Omen has ever seen it coming.

For example: if you've been here as long as I have, you probably remember a poster we put up around campus to solicit submissions in the Spring of 2000. The poster featured a drawing of a naked woman holding a copy of the Omen over her strategic bits, and some text that satirized the media's propensity for using sex to sell things. When we brought up the poster at the next Omen meeting, the only potential problem we saw was that the poster wouldn't appeal to heterosexual women.

So the posters were put up around campus and, much to our surprise, the shit hit the fan. The entire Omen staff was accused of being sexist, racist, and worse, and for a while nobody was giving us the chance to prove ourselves innocent. Eventually the Omen staff was vindicated, although the incident no doubt permanently soured many Hampshire students on the Omen. But here's the irony, for me: we knew before we put up the posters that Hampshire students are very sensitive to matters of gender and race. We thought the campus would be delighted by our parody of sex in the media. How were we to know that making fun of sexism makes you sexist?

But the irony continues. I was just a first year

at this point, and the poster incident instilled a great sense of paranoia in me (and the rest of the Omen staff). Every Omen layout session from then on was punctuated with musings about which article in this issue would get us nailed to the wall. The irony is that nothing ever did. Even when one student wrote an intentionally offensive article to get the campus riled up, not a peep was heard at our next meeting, not a single angry reply was submitted to us, not even the peanut gallery on the Daily Jolt had anything to say.

Try as I might, I can't understand offendedness (if that's even a word). In my opinion, the minute you say "that offends me", you're closing yourself off. You're saying to yourself "I have strong beliefs, and this goes against them. Therefore I cannot stand it." How else can you explain the way conservative Christians will fervently quote obscure passages from the Bible to "prove" that homosexuality and/or masturbation is evil? But this is just my opinion; if your opinion is different, well, I'm willing to accept that.

So the next time you hear someone telling a Jew joke, maybe you should wait a minute before you bash his teeth in. Perhaps this person is himself a Jew, and is having himself a good laugh at anti-Semitism's expense. Of course, if this person is actually anti-Semitic, you can feel free to bash his teeth in. Uncle Zole says it's okay.

This issue's Omen Medal of Achievement goes to Beth Day, for kicking the Pub Lab door open when Christine took the key to Holyoke.



by Michael Zole, editor & chief

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

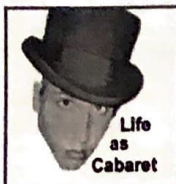
The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous

submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff; the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings: every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.





HAMPSHIRE MADE ME RACIST (AND OTHER UNFORTUNATE POSSIBILITIES)

by Dorian Gittleman, columnist

Here is a note before this article really begins. This particular piece of writing, as opposed to most if not all of my other writing, should be taken seriously. I ask, however, that people try and read what I'm actually trying to say, instead of merely making a judgment on what they feel the words on the paper imply. There is a difference. I am trying to participate on the new dialogue that is being opened on this campus concerning race. But I speak in a certain way. I am not politically correct. I am not sensitive, but I am trying to be honest. Sometimes I feel that "sensitivity" and PC, are for hiding what people actually feel. Someone can be racist but PC, and being PC will hide that fact. But read this article, please, and try to get me.

There is a problem with race on this campus. No one of any skin color is going to disagree with this statement. The problem extends far beyond my previous article, beyond the poster, beyond the Omen, beyond SOURCE, beyond the students. But the problem is specific to this campus and other politically correct areas around the country.

I'm going to start with the article.

In the last issue of the Omen, I wrote an article about my trip to Indonesia. It was not an article about my views towards Southeast Asia. It was

about my trip. It was supposed to be funny. Most of the article was backed up by fact, but this is besides the point. The point is that people were offended by what was not meant to be offensive. People were anguished by words I didn't think twice about, and this is a horrible thing. I don't like the thought that I make people unhappy. I wish there were some way that I could ease the pain that was felt by many members of our campus at reading my article. At the same time, I don't believe people's anguish was justified. That doesn't mean it's not real, but if I had to write the article again, knowing what I know, I wouldn't change a thing. The article was neither racist nor ignorant. Period. I'm not going to explain individual sections of the article here. People were offended by pieces of the article which were true because they were considered generalizations and inaccurate representations of the culture. Yet I was not trying to give a representation of culture. It was a representation of me, through my trip. That's all I have to say about the article itself.

The poster is hard for me to comment on objectively. It hurt me greatly on a personal level, and so I shall try to avoid making a large comment on it because I cannot see the situation objectively. I'm not, as we say, "over it."

What I would like to talk

about is the conversation that I had with Michelle, one of the people who created the poster. I don't know Michelle, but we must have things in common. We both go to Hampshire after all.

Michelle and I were trying to open a dialogue about the posters and the article, and it just didn't work. I felt that during the conversation, we were both trying to see the other person's point of view, and we couldn't. No matter what, she was offended by the article, and no matter what, I wouldn't change my style of writing. She seemed to feel that the posters were a legitimate reaction to the article, and I thought they were inexcusable. This is a serious problem. The inability for two mature adults to come to terms with a situation such as this is beyond me.

Again and again people of color are upset by the insensitivity of the Omen. They don't react in the Omen, the main reason appearing to be that they do not feel comfortable within its pages. They feel that what they say will not be taken seriously, or read by the people who support them. There is nothing we as the Omen can do to change this. We print what we get. I am also not comfortable with the image the Omen has today, but my discomfort has to do with its reputation as strictly a satire/rant paper, and not as the free speech publication

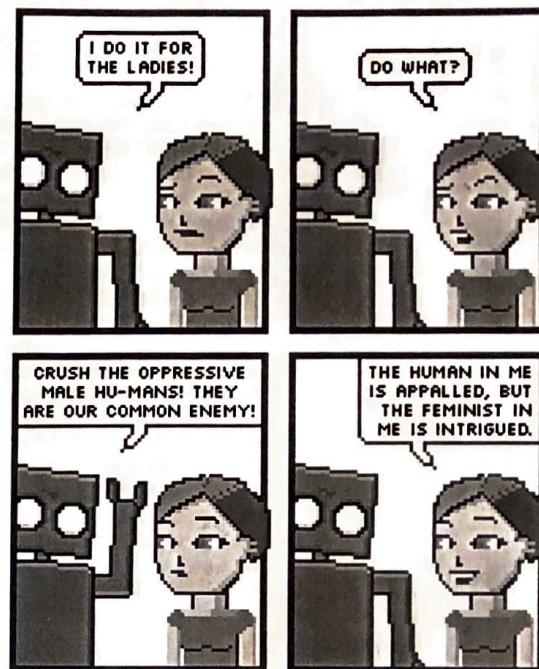
it began its run as. I wish for more weighty material in the Omen, but I will not be the one to provide it. Except for today.

But my big problem, the one I'm going to get in trouble for, is my problem with the relationship between the People of Color and the Caucasians on this campus. This is a divided campus, and if you say it is only because of racism, I will not believe you.

From the first day a person of color is accepted or even considering Hampshire, they are separated. They go to attend a students of color day on campus, they have special seminars during orientation. They meet other people of color first, causing them to make their first and probably strongest friends only among students of color. Once they're permanently on campus, they are indoctrinated into the various groups of SoURCE, and possibly moved into a persons of color mod. Please don't think I don't approve of SoURCE or student of color mods. People of color need a safe space. I do understand, as a Jew growing up in a sea of southern Baptists, that it's good to be in a place with people like you, culturally or ethnically. But I also feel that all these groups are adding to the polarization of Hampshire. They are helping to otherize People of Color, grouping them together.

When I came to Hampshire, I saw all people as individuals, regardless of skin color or ethnic background. Now I'm beginning to see them as a group, and possibly to fear them. Because "they" think I'm ignorant, racist, and oppressive. "They" hate me enough

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to attack me personally, and hate the Omen, a publication for which many of my friends write. I don't understand! I don't understand how we let it get this far!

We have so few people of color on this campus, and they're all grouped together. It's ludicrous. Instead of having a little cultural diversity, we have none. I cannot approach SoURCE and ask for entrance. I don't think I'd be welcome there, even if their policy has to be to welcome any student.

I remember this being called a white supremacist campus. It's not. It's a white dominated campus, but those two terms

mean VERY different things. Some people of color seem to think the white people are oppressing them. They're oppressing themselves at this point, appearing to hide within their groups of color. It's not that everyone doesn't want dialogue at this campus, but we have let the polarization of this campus become so extreme that I'm not sure we can bridge the gap between us.

Two people couldn't come to terms over one article and one poster. How can we all come to terms with the monstrous problem of racial tension on this campus?



by R. Stevens, contributor

SECTION SPEAK

JUSTICE SERVED AT THE SIT DOWN

It would appear that the Lord and Lady have their own senses of justice.

Last week I wrote an article for the Omen about being thrown out of the Sit Down Diner in Hadley by the manager there. As I said last week, it was a pretty terrible experience. Well, in addition to writing an article for the Omen, I also wrote a letter to the owner of the diner. Last week I received a phone call from him regarding my letter.

To state it mildly, he was absolutely fucking horrified. Now, I know what you are thinking: "Right, sure he was." And in truth he couldn't exactly call me at home at ten o'clock on a Thursday night to say, "Hey, well, it sucks to be you. Don't go out to eat." But I believe that Mr. Toutilotte's apology was genuine.

You see, Mr. and Mrs. Toutilotte have a young son, who has Tourette Syndrome.

Needless to say, the irony was not lost on either of us. He explained that his manager called him about an hour after I "left" and explained that he had had me removed for my behavior. Now, Mr. Toutilotte is quite knowledgeable about Tourette Syndrome and immediately came to the conclusion that had eluded his manager, that perhaps I was not acting

of my own volition. Given the situation with his son, he was quite mortified.

This was not just a situation of a loyal customer being forced to leave his restaurant; this was an ugly vision of his son's future. This was not as much an issue for he and his wife as owners of a restaurant, this affected them as parents as well.

So, the end result is that I now know that I can return to the Sit Down without much fear of being forced to leave. Strange, the one place in the valley I am pretty much

This was not as much an issue for he and his wife as owners of a restaurant. This affected them as parents as well.

assured of being welcome is the place that was most openly hostile to me. Of course, I feel horrible about his poor kid having Tourette.

But still, if I was going to get thrown out of one restaurant, the fates couldn't have picked a better one.

So, I withdraw my suggestion that our students avoid the Sit Down. And if the tall, thin, manager is there, maybe you should only give him the finger when his back is turned. After all, letting go of the past is important, but the prick still had me thrown out of the fucking place. Just because the owner is a nice guy whose kid is looking at a tough life, doesn't mean his manager isn't still an insensitive fuck.

by Eric Leshay, columnist



Beth sez GRRR!

by Beth Day, columnist

Ah, Jury Duty, the country's most civic waste of time. I got up at 6:15 on a Tuesday morning, fumbled out of bed, and looked for my clothes in the darkness. It sucks like hell to get up before the sun rises, at least if you're me and you're not much of a morning person. I couldn't eat at Saga because my bus came at 7:10. I was the only one on the bus going to Northampton. I was getting all paranoid because the bus was a bit late and they write all these awful threats in the juror handbook about fines and jail and such if you don't show up. I always get worried when I have to be at a certain place at a certain time, like when I take the Peter Pan Bus to the airport to catch my plane home and the bus is running late.

I went to Breuggers and had a bagel with cream cheese and some milk. It was nice, mostly because it was so wonderful not to eat a Saga bagel with Saga cream cheese. It's also fun to drink out of little milk cartons because it makes me feel like I'm back home in school again. I never bought lunch when I was in elementary school or middle school, and suddenly in high school I started getting this urge to drink the school chocolate milk every day. No chocolate milk ever tastes as good as the chocolate milk we used to drink out of those little cartons. Same with ice cream sandwiches, they always tasted so much better.

I went to the courthouse and

had to go through the metal detector. I had my pocketknife with me so I had to give that to them at the little check-in desk. We then watched this movie about jury duty and how we were doing our country a service and civic responsibility, blah blah blah. I was in this same room from 8:00 a.m. -11:30 p.m. We watched lots of Olympics. The funny thing about the Olympics is there's so much hoopla around them, that all the time we spent watching the Olympics we didn't actually watch any sporting events. The announcer lady went snowboarding with the American snowboarding team, they had a ski/snowboarding wear fashion show, they talked to a bunch of people holding signs. It was very silly. If I'm going to watch the Olympics I want to see some actual sporting events. I've actually haven't watched them at all besides at jury duty. Which is odd because my family at home is obsessed with them, especially the Winter Olympics. My brother tapes the Winter Olympics and then he actually does watch them later for the next four years until the next one. I was always into the figure skating, the various skiing events, the bobsled, and the luge. My mother is obsessed with watching figure skating.

We also watched Regis and whoever his eyecandy girl is. It was some contest where whichever couple with the best sad story got to be married on the Regis show. So it was this

CIVIC RESPONSIBILITY

guy in the Marines who was soon going to be shipped out somewhere to fight the "War on Terrorism" and his girlfriend whose mother had recently died of cancer and her father was very ill and in the hospital. The show was cute but sappy. I really don't think we needed to see so much footage of them walking around in the park staring into each other's eyes and kissing a lot. These shows are so targeted to people like my mother who like their TV sappy. The awful part about all this was that I was sitting next to this awfully negative woman who kept making these really snide comments about the couple about how they'll be divorced in less than a year and making fun of them and such. I wanted to just tell her to shut up, but I figured the fight that would ensue would certainly not be worth it. She also kept complaining about having to sit there and what a waste of time this was, complain, bitch, bitch, complain. I felt like moving would be rude and require too much effort since it was so crowded, but damn, I just wanted to watch TV and read my Human Physiology textbook in peace. Finally her panel was called and I was a happy munchkin again. We watched The View, which is a bunch of women of different ages and races who talk about various issues that are going on and interview people. Hampshire

continued on page 8

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.



A GRIM VISION OF THINGS TO COME

Betrayal. A simple word for henchman is many things which a simple concept. I had never truly felt its bitter adventures who serve out of you read this I will be a member

adventures who serve out of you read this I will be a member of community council. That, my friend, is more powerful than any feat. Once on council, I shall slowly take command, gain more than anyone, turn on you. You have unearthed my folly. You are aligned Neutral Evil, or perhaps Chaotic Neutral-- it is possible. Who is going to stop you are no friend of mine. When it matters most, I was without the to remove me. I challenge them

Mo'en, I always considered him 2nd level spell, Know Alignment. Why?iii Why did I take Protection of Council -- that's right, I intend to

of council -- that's right, I intend to bring back the position of council chat, and claim it for my own -- I will devote the entire resources of Hampshire College to your destruction. And why am I telling Nick, I have always thought you've double crossed me and left me with more than -10 hit points. You forgot, didn't you? thought of you as a henchman, the closest relationship possible under Dungeons & Dragons 2nd Edition rules. I was mistaken. A zero.

Civic Responsibility continued from page 7

should get a show like that on Intran. Yeah, dialogue.

At 1:30 they called us to gather our stuff, and I was all excited thinking I was going to get to go to lunch, but no, we were called into the courtroom, the judge told us about the cases, asked us a bunch of questions that would indicate our not being able to serve on this jury because we weren't impartial. Then they called us numerically up into the jury box. I was one of

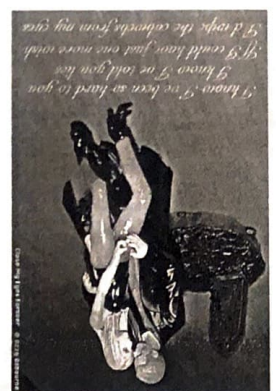
those people, so I'm all thinking give a reason. What the hell do they know about me or anyone yay I get to be on a jury and oh also just by looking at us? I want to know. Bastard. It's probably decided he didn't want me on cause I'm a college student, the jury for some reason. I want a Hampshire College student. Fuck him. Actually I'm more bitter about it in retrospect than I was then. Jury Duty may have been interesting, but not worth having to make up everything I'd miss the rest of the day and to the next morning.



MY FAVORITE IS UPS

Buffy the Vampire Slayer spoilerskipper (Scully/Krycek) and scanner these observations on newsgroups and message boards, and believe also frequently abbreviated, to ship, far-fetched spoilers (information which lends itself to all sorts of awkward metaphors -- one can "get on a ship or "abandon" it, ships can "sink" -- and improbably just like a real word that means something entirely different: Ship- pers. I took me forever to discern the meaning and origin of the word. One's chosen ship can be a social grouping, a moral stance, a religious belief, and some- death (Giles will come back from England and his very own show on the BBC just to stake evil vampire judgement day (the last episode of the last season, when Buffy must ride off into the sunset with someone/ thing), those whose ship has pre- valued will back in their smug sense of I-loid-you-so. (And B/A shippers everywhere will blame it on Angel's spinoff show moving to a different network.) In the mean time, they show as a whole. The pairings that shippers follow are almost always romantic or sexual in some way, and if what happens (or doesn't happen) on-screen is not satisfying, they write fan fiction to, um, satisfy themselves. Different varieties of shippers are self-identify themselves with more abbreviations, usually "initial of one character"/initial of other character] shipper. Those who believe that Buffy and Angel are "soulmates", for example, are B/A shippers or Baers (there are still too many of these people, and they passionately loathe B/Sers, and feel pity for the few lonely B/Xers). X

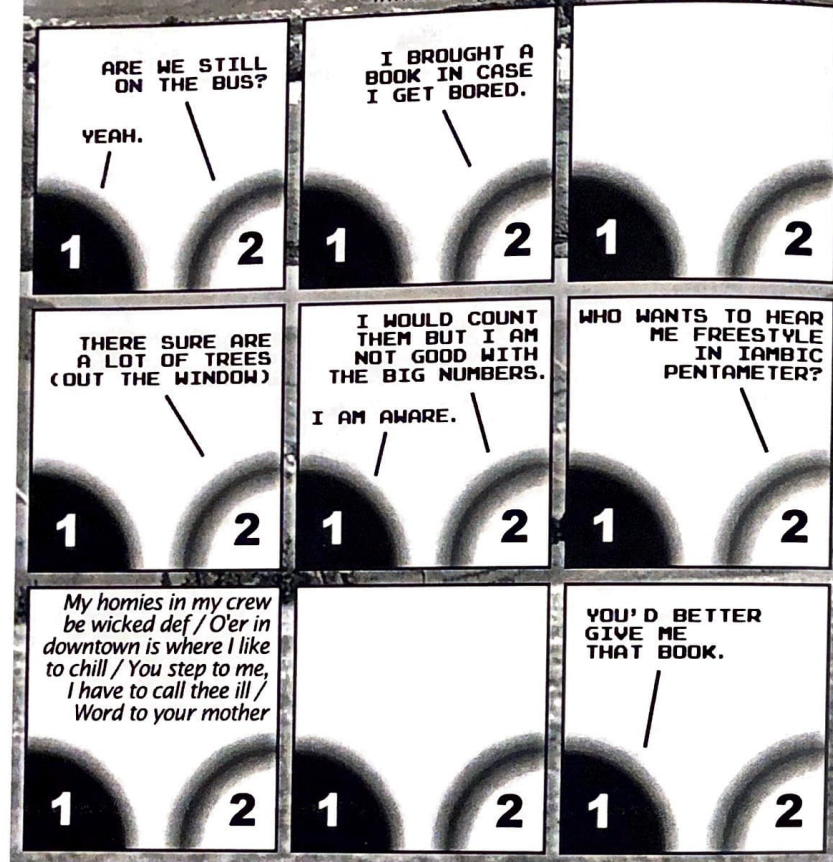
in my stupid, stupid quest for more interesting terms, such as word and gesture, and comparing these observations on newsgroups and message boards, and believe also frequently abbreviated, to ship, far-fetched spoilers (information which lends itself to all sorts of awkward metaphors -- one can "get on a ship or "abandon" it, ships can "sink" -- and improbably just like a real word that means something entirely different: Ship- pers. I took me forever to discern the meaning and origin of the word. One's chosen ship can be a social grouping, a moral stance, a religious belief, and some- death (Giles will come back from England and his very own show on the BBC just to stake evil vampire judgement day (the last episode of the last season, when Buffy must ride off into the sunset with someone/ thing), those whose ship has pre- valued will back in their smug sense of I-loid-you-so. (And B/A shippers everywhere will blame it on Angel's spinoff show moving to a different network.) In the mean time, they show as a whole. The pairings that shippers follow are almost always romantic or sexual in some way, and if what happens (or doesn't happen) on-screen is not satisfying, they write fan fiction to, um, satisfy themselves. Different varieties of shippers are self-identify themselves with more abbreviations, usually "initial of one character"/initial of other character] shipper. Those who believe that Buffy and Angel are "soulmates", for example, are B/A shippers or Baers (there are still too many of these people, and they passionately loathe B/Sers, and feel pity for the few lonely B/Xers). X



Some define themselves by their staid opposition to a particular ship: *normos* insist upon "no romance" between Mulder and Scully, anti-B/Sers like to spout moral condemnation to rile up Buffy's shippers (and their frequent allies, the Federationists, a whole other category of Buffy fans that would continued on page 10

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XXVIII

by M. Zole
www.zole.org



continued from page 9

My FAVORITE Is UPS

take several more wretched pages to explain). Many shippers and anti-shippers are, however, harmless, and even tolerate each other. "At first, if you only hang around with shippers, you might think that noromos are evilness personified," says one X-Files fan's homepage. "I can assure

you that they are not. After all, some of my best friends are noromos!" In *Buffycircles*, W/T (Willow/Tara) shippers are known for their "tolerance" and "open-mindedness".

"Normal" fans of these and other television shows are understandably wary of shippers -- if

they're aware of them at all. My advice: keep your distance, and if you must engage shippers in conversation, don't let them show you their collages of Angel/Cordelia bondage with superimposed Shania Twain lyrics.



Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



THE POLITICS OF GEEK

by Gwynne Watkins, columnist

Ah, the joys of living in a geek-safe zone.

Really, it's so easy to forget how far from the norm we Hampshire kids have deviated. The journey started long ago for most of us. I know you're guilty, reader. You were reading adult science fiction when you were six. You decided that all the other fourth graders were just brain-dead McCulture victims. You composed the world's first single-scale clarinet symphony because you secretly enjoyed music lessons.

You go, geek.

And really, how under-appreciated were you? Weren't those Dave Matthews t-shirts *depriving* themselves by not keeping your enlightened company? I thought so.

Naturally, college was going to be a big step forward for you. You were finally going to define yourself. You would leave your past shames behind and commune with sophisticated, like-minded souls.

And then one of two things happened.

Option A. By your third week of school, you were *embracing* those past shames over bottles of Goldschlager. You found

a happy haven of geekdom in which to watch Japanese monster movies and play Boggle. You formed a band and named it after an action figure.

Option B. By your third week of school, you realized that you were no longer The Geek. In fact, you had daily encounters with people who were much geekier than you'd ever be. So you avoided the middle room at Saga and embraced your chance to experience your new self: The Not Geek.

Both these options had fatal flaws, of course. Those who chose Option A soon realized that just because you can critique manga porn with someone doesn't mean you were meant to be soulmates. Those who chose Option B were soon reminded that other schools have a higher caliber of "normal" than Hampshire, and that faint aura of 'geek' will never truly fade. (Of course, some remain in denial. We call this the Prescott Complex.)

Once in a while, I'm still reminded how much our inner dorks have in common. Like when TNN's week-long Next Generation Marathon mysteriously occupied every mod on campus. Or when half of Prescott migrated to FPH for Deathfeast 2000.

"I am NOT a Trekkie!" a visitor to my mod once adamantly stated. "And I bet you don't even know what Kobayashi Maru is!"

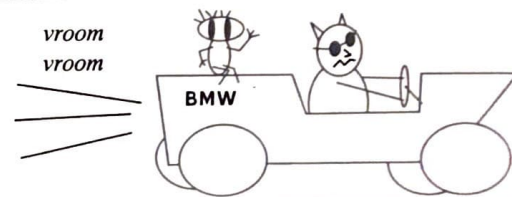
'Cause let's face it: there's a hidden pride in what we know. We used to survive on obscure knowledge and secret hobbies, and these parts of ourselves occasionally yearn to breathe free. Go ahead, pile on the self-deprecation. It won't help when your knowledge of X-files fan fiction or dadaist poetry is challenged. Those survival reflexes will storm back faster than a quantum leap.

And damnit, you *should* be proud. Be proud now, while you're still at Hampshire and won't get your ass kicked.



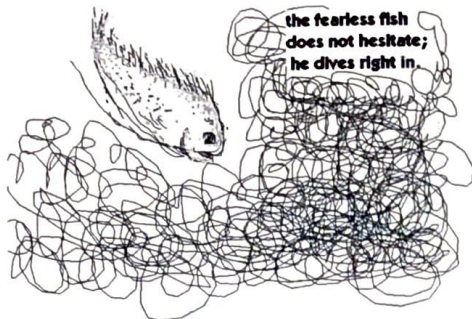
The Article Goblins
bury their former geekiness by driving cool cars and wearing sunglasses

vroom
vroom



NO ONE KNOWS MY PLAN

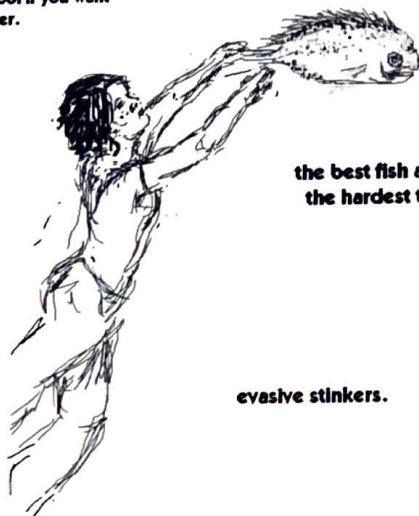
What began as a study for a "serious" art project grew as the red snapper exuded a legendary stench ... if the catch of the day doesn't work out ... there are always other fish ...



the fearless fish does not hesitate; he dives right in.



It is important to keep your cool if you want to win the ladies over.



the best fish are often the hardest to catch.

evasive stinkers.



stinky fish gets the sweet sweet loving he always deserved.



I can remember the scent of your skin.



stinky fish knows how to treat a lady

SLUMMIN' IT IN THE PUB LAB

(Actual editor's note: Jeffrey wrote this article for the last issue of the *Omen* to keep his perfect record of having written for every issue since he got here. And, for a variety of reasons, including Adobe PageMaker, it didn't get printed. My humblest apologies to Mr. Paternostro, and to those of you keeping score at home, this counts as an article for last issue. —Zole)

I really wasn't going to write for this issue. As of 9:30 PM EST Saturday night, I had no *Omen* article, nor any intention of writing one. This would actually have been a first for me, as my abject patheticness has resulted in me writing an *Omen* article for every issue since I got here in the Fall of 2000. That's a ripe twenty issues, and that doesn't even count the ones where I wrote multiple articles, or made clever jpegs.

But no, gentle *Omen* reader, it was not mere narcissism that drove me to write this article, unlike every other I have written. No, there is a far more insidious force at work here.

Former fearless leader and editor-in-chief has been doing some Spring cleaning in the Pub lab. It certainly needed it. Sadly, such

running *Omen* layout jokes such as the beaten up copy of *Reviving Ophelia* had to be chucked. But don't worry *Readerstaff*, the official *Omen* porn is still plentiful. As is the entire correspondence of the whole Fall '01 Interpublicational wars. Man, did we botch that whole angle. And though the WWF would never do it, I apologize to any *Omen* fans, you've come to expect better of us.

We have located back issues back as far as 1994, but it seems like the Stephanie Cole era may be lost to the ages. But judging by the Jonathan Land era, this may or may not be a bad thing. I always did want to know about the whole chalking "incident." Perhaps it is better left in the realm of myth, where it will most likely be far more interesting.

Okay, the whole reason I decided to write this article. Enough is enough. We need an office. The couch broke again tonight. We have boxes and boxes of old issues (We have been around since 1992, after all). When we get good turnout for layout, there are not nearly enough seats. And since the couch breaks almost without fail, that makes even less.

And its not like there isn't an empty room somewhere on this campus. Only so many Men's Centers can spring back up a week after we start putting out feelers for an office. There has to be room on this campus to give some real storage and meeting space for a "non-official" publication. We don't eat too much. We're housebroken. We play well with others (most of the time). We don't run with scissors. We've never been brought up on.....well, scratch that.

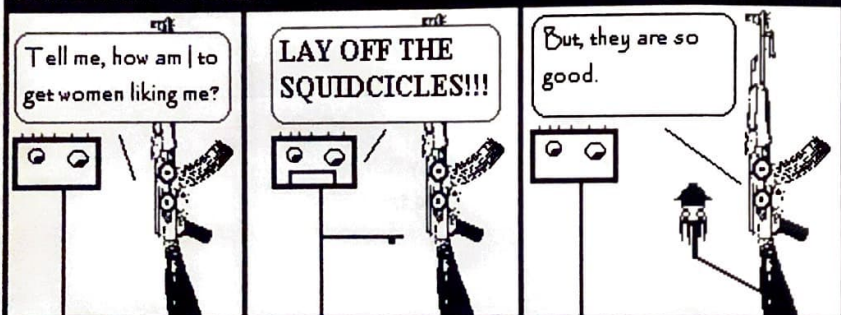
I don't care if this sounds whiny. I really don't. We bust our collective asses down here to get a quality issue out every other week for your perusal. It's far from a thankless job, but it's no fun when you have to sit on a heater for an hour while trying to proofread the average grammatical abomination that is an *Omen* article. We at least deserve a functional couch. And it's not like it's difficult to make a couch function.

Until next time, since I'm not writing an article on wrestling this week, I feel obligated to say, Ric Flair is still the man. Then again, that's all that really needs to be said.



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

by Karl Moore



ROCCOLOGY



ADVICE FOR ONE AND ALL

(Editor's Note: Rocco was quite exhausted after attending the release party for *Super Moto Hard*, now available on VHS and DVD from Evil Angel Video. He was evidently so partied out, he forgot to send his special Valentine's Day column. However, he feels that its information is timeless and sorely needed. In his own words: "You need now. Is no waiting till next year. Fuck dates.")

"I can say I am very lucky. Not because I have a big dick. But because I have a great woman — my wife. She give me great life with two babies." —Rocco Siffredi

I think I start out with quote from me, because I write today about subject close to heart: love. You are knowing the approach of Valentine's Day, yes? Is named after Saint in church. Did you know there is also Saint Rocco? Is true. I don't know what he do. But if he is me and I am him, I will be saint of love, not Valentine. So here is tips for make ordinary Saint Valentine Day also Saint Rocco Day.

First, I have little rhyme: if you are not look good, is no good. That mean all ugly people stop reading. Good.

OK, now on with real tips! 1. You must go to my native Italia. Paris, New York, Prague, is shit. Italians know only way to love.

2. You cannot be wrong with behind-pluggings in heart shapes! Will knock woman off feet! But, no one is same, so get set that start small and get big.

3. Put sexy music on where you are. I put myself on repeat *The Real Thing* by Faith No More.

4. Your woman cannot being naked all the time! Proceed to www.kaiju.com and get her food there. Makes you ravish the clothes in the shop. Bellissima!

5. Modern people look down on rump-slapping. Do not! Is only way to make sure your lady friend will not fall to pieces in tougher time or doing more acrobatics!

6. Same it going for pinching and stretching nipple - if woman cannot stand this, how will she stand 8-pound sucking baby?

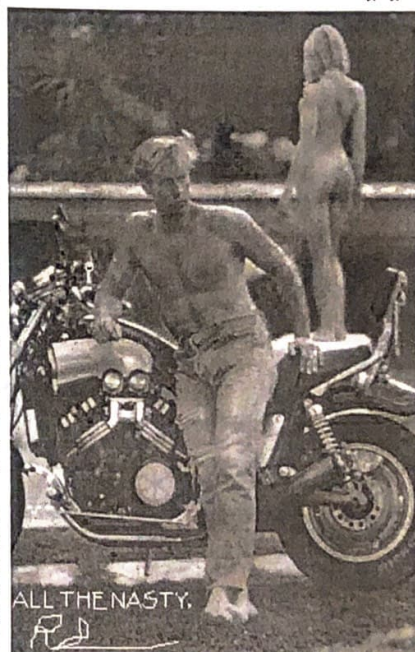
7. Film it, film it! Is Valentines Day, why you not record your love? Besides, you can critic each other for next year!

8. Is so sexy reading to each other... be reading my own magazine, *Rocco*. It will make steam!

9. Eat real Italian food together - none of Olive Garden swill! Crap that is will make you

lose manly power! Like I say before, go to Italia, and eat food there. Makes you ravish monster!

10. Stay away from simple starches, like potato. It will make you huge, and lose the love of people. That's all, but I include small autographed photo for ladies because moast advice above this is for man. Ciao!





ODE TO ROSIE

Ravishing siren disguised as mere mortal
Objeto de los deseos de todos lo que ella encuentra
Sexy Latin Mama
Angel of the Omen
Luscious, lascivious lips
Inundation of animal magnetism
Nymph with flowing obsidian tresses
Aphrodite's favored

Vivacious in those knee-high leather boots
Asesina de los corazones de millones de hombres
Legs that just won't quit
Dazzling smile like a crystalline sun
Eyes as alluring as a cool, clear mountain lake on a moonlit night
Zesty love goddess with a heart of gold

like nectar flowed
a goddess descended here
achingly comely

blessèd ecstasy
her prescence the room awakes
laugh like silver bells

a swirl of hair
style and grace are but one
mellifluous gait

the heavens pine away
call to her, their obsession
beyond them, she leaves

a gentle word breathed
sweet like the Mother of All
she wins their love again

best fruit of the pick
color of grain under tan
divine harvest chose

loss of words occurs
her smile draws me inside
Oh why am I gay?

by James Keach, contributor



NICK'S COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO RUINING YOUR MOVIE-GOING EXPERIENCE

by Nick Wells, contributor

No need for you to rent these:

American Pie: They all come out of the closet.

American Pie 2: I don't know, I didn't see it.

Angel Heart: Louis Cyphre is the devil (who saw that coming?), and Harry Angel makes wild, bloody love to Epiphany Proudfoot, then finds out that he is, in fact, damned. Shit.

Apocalypse Now: Marlon Brando dies.

Army of Darkness: Ash says the words and returns to his meaningless job at S-Mart. Shop Smart, Shop S-Mart.

Babe: They eat the pig.

Back to the Future: Marty goes back in time to 1955 when his parents first meet and ends up changing the time line so that his family is black when he gets back to 1985.

Back to the Future Part II: Although Marty and Doc manage to correct the 1985 timeline that the 2015 Biff altered by returning to 1955 themselves, Marty is stranded in 1955 when lightning strikes the DeLorean, which vanishes - and Doc with it, since he was inside. But Marty immediately afterward receives a letter from Doc dated 1985, which means he's still alive but at an earlier time - thus setting the stage for the third film, which I didn't see.

Beetlejuice: They come to grips with the fact that they really are dead. beetlejuice Beetlejuice BEETLEJUICE!!!

Before Night Falls: He dies.

The Big Lebowski: Donny dies, Jeffery Lebowski is a sleaze, Walter rules.

Bittersweet Motel: Phish dies.

Blade Runner: Roy Batty saves

Rick's life.

Blow: He goes to jail. Johnny goes from sexy seventies guy to skanky eighties mullet in twenty minutes.

Braveheart: Wallace cheats on his marriage with some French girl, then gets his head cut off. Scotland wins.

Brazil: It's all taking place in Pryce's mind. He's been driven insane during interrogation.

Breathless: I'm not going to tell you this one, go see it.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid: They die, but their memory lives on. As does the salad dressing.

Cast Away: He gets voted off the island.

Catch-22: Everybody dies.

Charlotte's Web: They eat the pig.

Chasing Amy: No threesomes. Brian O'Halloran is one of the executives.

Chuck and Buck: Chuck and Buck, Suck and Fuck.

Clerks: Caitlin has sex with a dead guy in the bathroom. Dante tried to give himself oral sex. Working sucks. Brian O'Halloran is Dante.

The Crow: Draven goes back to being dead, but not long enough to avoid a sequel.

The Crying Game: She's a he.

Dancer in the Dark: She dies. Everybody goes home.

Dark City: The Strangers aren't as badass as Murdoch. He creates land outside of the city.

Deliverance: The guitarist dies. Burt Reynolds survives. Jon Voight murders a hick, but survives. Ned Beatty survives with the knowledge

of what it's like to be a woman (or a sheep).

Dogma: Bartleby is let back into Heaven, as a mortal. Loki dies. Alanis Morissette is God. Brian O'Halloran is the news reporter.

Easy Rider: They die.

Empire Records: The staff raise the money for Joe, by organizing a huge party. Gina fulfills her dream and sings at the party. Corey tells AJ she loves him.

The Empire Strikes Back: Luke loses a hand. Vader is Luke's father.

Evil Dead Part II: Ash cuts his hand off and gets sucked into a timewarp.

Fargo: Steve Buscemi is killed by his psycho partner and put through a wood chipper.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: His lawyer gets on the plane, Johnny gets away. I like drugs, like a lot.

The 5th Element: I don't know, I was fantasizing about Milla Jovovich.

Fight Club: Edward Norton and Brad Pitt are the same person. Pixies aren't on the soundtrack.

GI Jane: "Suck my dick!"

Gladiator: Maximus and Caesar duke it out, coliseum-style. Maximus wins, but also dies. He goes to heaven or nirvana or whatever and finally opens the door.

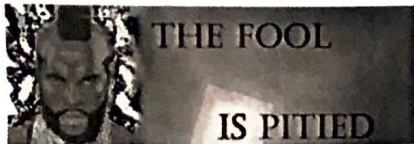
The Godfather: Tessio is the rat, McCluskey, Moe Green, Sollozo, Barzini, Carlo, and a bunch of other guys get shot. Vito Coreleone looks like a monkey, then dies. Michael is Godfather. Tom Hagen doesn't like horses.

The Godfather Part II: Yes, Al Pacino is Godfather.

The Godfather Part III: Pacino dies.

Stay tuned for the next exciting installment!





TEXAN BULLSHIT



Joe Laycock. What man other than He can hold a room full of geeks at rapt attention, with nary a sound to be heard but that of his own voice? He is the Man who regales all manner of curious gawkers with his outlandish exploits, subsuming their very being into ungodly slosh. The goddamn over-productive Div III who, his middle finger extended proudly into the heathen Massachusetts air, says simply: "Fuck y'all. I'm from Texas."

This is the Man I need to talk about. Why? Because his article sucked.

Actually, it really didn't suck. It was a quintessential Omen article concerning some scrupulous activities that had taken place during the yester-years of high school. Indeed it filled almost two solid pages with opium-induced tomfoolery and threatening talk about a vengeful kid with a two-by-four. It was well-

**His name sounds like
I fucking sneezed
while eating soggy
marshmallows.**

written, and thus could not be published in the *Forward*. It was (mostly) not fictional, and thus could be published in those other magazines that sporadically appear on campus. Therefore, Joe Laycock was fated to bring, yet again, his harrowing tales to the profane pages of the *Omen*.

So why have I chosen to shove a pole up the perverbal ass of Joe Laycock? In one word: Rafil. I swear upon the wholeness of things that if I ever hear that name again, I will burn many things which in all common decency should not

be burned - including teddy-bears, projectile vomit, semen, medical dictionaries, "Meat is Dead" bumper stickers, and all Japanese tentacle porn. The name Rafil is synonymous with the phrase "get the fake penis off my fucking door-step you heinous little stalker." That is, it would be if Rafil actually existed.

That's right, Joe Laycock - Rafil is a lie. He is your creation, a subconscious fiend who 'makes' you do all the devilish things you always want to, but are too pussy to go through with on your own. Who's getting you arrested after park hours? Rafil. Who's that you're making a cardboard penis with? Rafil. Who's that you're breaking into houses with? Rafil. That's bullshit. Rafil cannot exist for several reasons.

a.) Were he a real person, his balls, due to the exorbitant amount gutsy/moronic/illegal things he does, would be so large as to physically disallow him from even waddling to a nearby toilet to urinate. He would thusly be perpetually drenched in his own excrement and be considered dangerously toxic.

b.) The incalculable number of restraining orders which by all current lawful standards he should have received, would have forced him into a hermitage somewhere underneath Greenland.

c.) His name sounds like I fucking sneezed while eating soggy marshmallows.

d.) You took the soul of my 3rd edition elven sorcerer. Damn it

Joe, he's an Elf. His soul is absolutely integral to his general well-being. I hope someday a manipulative extra-planar creature makes YOU sign a contract in your own blood.

e.) I called Rafil's supposed "house" myself, and had a very enlightening conversation with the proprietor of "Grizzly Dan's Garbage Dump Strip Club". What the hell was that?

I wonder, Joe Laycock, just how much of any stories you've ever told on this campus are true? Are they all a skeevey bunch of preposterous lies, created to affect a bad-ass image with which to rule the Excalibur mailing list? Or do you simply enjoy the piercing gaze of drooling geeks like myself, who clammer and cry for 'story time' in the middle room of SAGA? Perhaps little snippets here and there are vaguely true - maybe somebody somewhere owns a Volvo, maybe somebody somewhere has a tree-house - but I know, at least, Rafil is a fictitious character. The embodiment of the man you only wish you were.

Joe Laycock, I hereby proclaim that your article sucked. Had it not included Rafil, even for just that one seemingly perfunctory sentence, then mayhaps I would have left it (and you) well enough alone. However, I believe Rafil is simply your subconscious bitch, and that all your other stories are, and always shall be, Texan bullshit.



TWO BITS

by Sasha Horwitz, columnist

Avery watched T.V. so close that he could see the little colored boxes in the screen. Dad came in and grabbing him by the scruff of his neck plopped him in a booster seat and looked him eye to eye.

"Son, it's time we put s'more learning into ya"

"Ok, daddy." He said his whole body squirming so he could see the show around his father's barrel chest.

"Avery listen, this is a now exercise. Not a five minutes from now game."

"Actually if you gimme till the end of the show, we can exercise then"

Hmmm, Dad thought and scratched the morning stubble on his chin. Maybe the boy just needs some encouragement. "That's a big word kiddo, 'actually.' I think 'actually' is a-" Dad reached in his pocket and pulled out a quarter "twenty-five cent word." With that he flipped it in Avery's general direction.

"Oh boy!" Avery said and slapped it midair with a baseball-mitt catch.

Then he stuck it between his first two fingers and took a chomp like Bugs Bunny in so many Looney Tunes. "Cool."

Dad patted himself on the back and went back to read his Sunday paper, thinking about how good parenting deserves a Garfield comic strip. Unfortunately, his message wasn't as clear as he had hoped. Avery, while glad to have a shiny new quarter had no idea how he managed to earn it.

Some time later that day, when

all the cartoons were over, Avery felt a hankering for a bright blue gumball. Not just any would do. His appetite demanded the jawbreaker sized gumballs that he could only pick up for fifty-cents at the crank machine in front Ralph's market, three blocks up and one block over.

"Daddy, you need to give me more money."

"Avery that's not how we ask."

"But daddy," he must not have said it the right way, "ummm may I please have another money."

"That's a better way to say it Avery, but we're a big boy and big boys make money."

"I don't know how to make money. It's going to take a whole millennium."

Out from the sky sailed another metal disk with the face of that old guy who cut down a cherry tree. Avery didn't even bother to grab at it this time, he just held open his pocket and watched it swish in.

"Son, you keep that vocabulary of yours full of twenty-five cent words, and I'll certainly keep your pocket's full of twenty-five cent pieces."

His jaw fell open, and if he had already bought the gum it would most definitely have fallen out. I can make a millennium of money he thought, all I gotta do is find Dad words with lotsa letters in 'em.

Avery had learned both of his words with 'lotsa letters' from watching T.V., so he went into the den and plopped himself on the couch.

The screen was blank. He stared at it for a solid minute



before realizing it was off.

"Daddy the T.V.'s off."

"Then turn it on... or you know what: don't. Go read a book!"

Dad wasn't being helpful. Avery now had to get off his warm spot and look the clicker. He hunted everywhere he could think up, but couldn't find it anywhere. When he had finished searching it still remained unfound, the only difference was that now he knew for sure it wasn't under the cat.

Running out of places it could be, he turned to desperate measures. He took out a slingshot he still had from his Dennis the Menace phase, grabbed the tines and held it like a divining rod.

"Woah!" It carried him sharply to the left, and he felt like he was chasing after his arms. Another shift, this time he was running toward the wall. He stuck the heels of his Keds into the carpet and slowed things down. The divining rod pointed to the dictionary, then it charged and he couldn't restrain it. Avery let go, but the inertia threw him into the bookcase.

Avery fell back, and looked up. He knew without a doubt that Dad's entire library was about to collapse onto him.

The bookcase shook and wavered, but Fortuna was on little Avery's side, and the only book that fell was the dictionary, and it fell into his lap. Not just into his lap, open into his lap. Open to the word 'actually'.

continued on page 20

Two Bits

Avery remembered Dad said to read a book, this was a book. And what else, it was full of words with 'lotsa letters.'

Forgetting about the T.V. altogether he took a seat and read the thing cover to cover. Avery may have only been inspired by greed but he was most definitely immersed in this lucrative find. Every word inside the tome could generate money. Only how could he put this inchoate knowledge to use.

"Daddy."

"What do you want, Avery?"

"Daddy... Arboreal."

Dad's plan had worked. In just a day Avery had gone from watching "Webster" to knowing "Webster." As part of the bargain he threw a quarter at the wall, which ricocheted off the Venetian blinds and glided like a Frisbee into Avery's hands.

"Daddy... come're."

Dad obliged, and on the doorway he heard:

"Salutations Father. In your absence, I had indulged my avarice quite counter intuitively, that is by augmenting my verbal repertoire. I expect an investment of this sort shall be indulged vis-à-vis monetary remuneration...."

There weren't enough quarters in the house to afford all of Avery's twenty-five cent words. Dad had to hand over all the laundry money and the coins from his loafers, before he would admit that he had been run dry.

"Sweetie, I don't know what to tell you. You put in a lot of effort, and I laud you for it. But this is the last quarter I could find." Dad gave up the coin he had been meaning to place into his state quarter map, the only one he was missing, an untarnished Connecticut.

Those knobby little finger tips swallowed that last coin. While Avery had attained an inordinate amount of power in a very short time, the one thing he didn't gain was discipline. He stuffed all those quarters into a big pillow case and dragged it with him to the market.

Standing with his bag in front of the gumball machine, two by two he traded quarters for fifty-cent spheres of edible elastic. Two quarters in, turn the crank, gum fall out. Over and over again, until... he had only one quarter left. He couldn't afford the final spin.

Baboon cheeked, Avery tried to blow a bubble. No luck. His mouth was too full to speak, and he had to bring that final quarter back home.

He shouldn't have chewed all those gumballs at once. Even though his jab hurt from mashing so hard, and the sugar rush gave him the jitters, he wanted more. But Avery had run out of words. And Dad had run out quarters. If only he could get more. If only he could make money.

That's when Avery took a gander at that last coin and saw what made it so special. It was the Connecticut one that Dad had held onto for so long. On the front was the old guy who chopped down a tree, and on the back was a picture of a big branchy birch.

He went out in the sunlight and squinted at the picture. It was, it totally was. Growing on the branches of that tree was money. A money tree. This was it, this was the solution to his problem. More gumballs on the way.

"Daddy where's the shovel?"

"In the place where you last had it... you know, the uh... whatcha-callit."

Avery took out the shovel and in the dead center of the back yard, in a place destined to get plenty of sunlight and rain, he dug a hole two teddy bears deep. Into that hole went his last quarter. Now, it was only a matter of time before a money tree sprouted doubloons.

Dad and Avery waited by the doorstep for days for the tree to grow. They were both too afraid to do anything more than watch in inside, from behind glass. Then on the first day of the day of the third week of April, a little green tail broke through the surface. Shy at first, the sapling looked just like any other tree.

The stock market was doing well that third week. So well in fact that neither Dad nor Avery thought it strange that the tree also grew with the same gusto. If this was a money tree, of course it would flourish in times of financial success.

Then by the first week of May the tree was fully grown. In two weeks it had become what dreams are made of.

The next day Avery saw the first blossom. He was still in his pajamas when he ran outside to see it, to see the quarter flowers open to the sun. But he didn't get what he expected.

The tree was magnificent, was unreal, but it was not a money tree. When that first flower opened, instead of a checkbook, credit card or cash, facing the sun, instead of fruit, was a small book. He jumped high, took a bite and spat out a wad of paper. He bent down to take a closer look. There he saw, in black letters a word clear printed on the soggy mess. It said the word 'actually'.

He had planted a Dictionary tree.



Good Lil Omen Lass

by Rosalina Valdez, columnist

Going to a school in which the campus' gender makeup is 60/40 with the ladies dominating the males, it's very hard to find yourself a good lad...or any lad at all, for that matter.

For all those ladies out there looking for a hot young stud, my article this week is on my modmate, math guru and hot lover man, Matt Noonan.

Matt Noonan: Hampshire College's Most Ellegible Bachelor.

Why this Matt Noonan character and why hasn't he been snatched up yet?

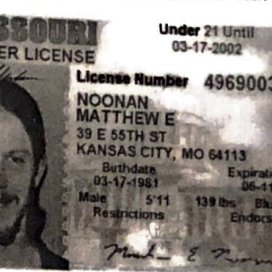
Well ladies, it's quite simple. Our Mr. Noonan has just returned from a semester in Budapest in which he aced 5 math courses and took three extra classes. He's quite the intelligent lad. He

has returned to Hampshire, smarter, more worldly (ask him which Hungarian wine he would recommend), and while he was seeing someone, he is now single, ready, and willing to meet someone new.

Matt Noonan is a third year at Hampshire and is studying all sorts of math related subjects (I would be more specific but I hate math so I never really bring it up

with the boy). He's the type of guy that would willingly help you for hours if you had any math problems. He's just that good of a guy. Who knows, he may make you a cup of peppermint hot chocolate while you two study together or discuss fiber bundles over manifolds. Sounds tempting, doesn't it?

Another great thing about Matt Noonan is that for the past two years he has lived in a mod in which the majority of the inhabitants are female so he is constantly surrounded by women, thus he knows how to interact with



them. Whenever one of us has a problem, especially if its male related, we go to Matt Noonan. Matt Noonan listens and gives good advice. He has given us faith in the male species a couple of times and I can say on my behalf that he has given me a lot of insight on the behaviors of men.

Matt Noonan is leaving an impact on the world, ladies. He is currently the manager

of a Southern Californian-London Punk band called the Flowers of Disgust (with such hits as "Salsa Till U Die", "Contentental Breakfast" and "Share a Secret"). So ladies, if you play your cards right, you soon may be accompanying Matt Noonan and the Flowers on their world tour and the world will be your oyster.

Did I mention that he is the second strongest GO player in the Valley? Don't know what GO is? Perfect opportunity to meet Matt Noonan and chat it up with him...maybe over dinner?

Here are some glowing testimonials from those that truly know Matt Noonan:

"He's too tall, and he understands weird Indonesian mathematics." - J. Wilder Konschak

"It's not too terrible knowing him." - Regina Hughes

There you have it, ladies. Matt Noonan is everything you want and more. Intelligent, funny, an entrepreneur, and well liked by others. And have you checked out his picture? What more could you ask for?

I can't end this article without including some words from Matt Noonan:

"I'm sensual and sensitive" Enough said.





One Man.
One Semester.
One Goal.
To pass his CS Div. 1

Never put your sciences Div. 1 off until your fourth semester. It seems like really good advice. So I offer it freely. Next time around the bend, I might even take it. But I didn't, and that puts me in a bit of a bind. It's the pesky one for me. Now I never even filed a Div 1 plan. No one really seemed to notice. God knows it would have changed about ten times since my wistful first semester anyway. But here I am, needing to pass two CS courses this semester, no ifs, ands or buts. Did I mention I wasn't preregistered for any? Yeah, that was a bright idea. So, in the grand Hampshire tradition, I scramble. And two contenders emerge to the forefront. Two classes that I manage to squeeze into. Brain and Cognition, CS 134, and Environmental Ethics, CS 247. What will follow over the coming weeks will be a frank look at how I manage to pull this off, or in all likelihood, how I manage to screw it up.

Brain and Cognition

This looks like it might be all right. I'm not a psych concentrator or a neurobiology major, but what the heck. This is a liberal arts college, a little bit of everything, right? The first class

CS PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY: PART ONE OF A SEMESTER LONG SERIES

is bloated like all first classes, with a robust 30 or so showing up. It trims down to 20 by the second class. And here we go, right into the heavy stuff.

Yikes, time to recall all that high school chemistry and biology, and like a bad acid flashback, here it comes. And just to add to the ambience, I have a couple of first years nearby talking to each other almost over the professor in some sort of obnoxious, clumsy, mating dance. Hey, it is just like high school.

Welcome to a Hampshire student's hell: Actual college level neurobiology. What? You mean I can't reference obscure eastern tracts of wisdom. Oh, shit. I take copious notes throughout the lecture. I'm really bad at science. No, really. I can't emphasize this enough. I can identify the nucleus of a cell, and I know that the abbreviation for Iron is Fe, but the process of depolarizing neurons was not exactly something I've been reading up on lately.

Hmmm, my neuron drawing looks more like some sort of shark, and less like an actual neuron. The class is dead quiet except for the chatty first years. I feel pretty safe in predicting that the class size will be down to 10 by the end of the month. Then again, that's a safe prediction in most Hampshire classes.

Preliminary Odds on Jeffrey getting 1/2 Div. 1 Credit:

10 to 1

I hate writing in the scientific journal "voice." This will probably be my undoing, but only time will tell. I do my best work under pressure (read: the vast majority of my work). And the stakes are high enough to make me bust ass. At least it's not a drawing class, because that neuron wasn't even a very good shark.

As a sidenote: Did I mention the textbook was eighty bucks. Man, the textbook store price gouges. I'm going to put in a call to the Better Business Bureau one of these days.

Environmental Ethics

About fifteen or so in the class the first day means Jeffrey is a happy camper and in the class, no sweat.

Laura Sizer immediately becomes my new favorite Hampshire professor by saying (I paraphrase)

"If you are looking for a non-critical view of activism, this is not the class for you."

And even better, "Some arguments are better than others."

Obviously the last one was contextual within the study of philosophy. But on this campus, it is words for professors to live by. I don't care how hard you worked on it. If it sucks, it sucks. And no, I can't think of a specific example of such an instance ("wink" "wink" "nudge" "nudge") Really, this college is looking

HAIKU HER? I BARELY KNOW HER!

Elegant gothic
lolitas drinking their tea.
Christine's twenty-two.

Pass the cream, Itzhak.
My tea has steeped far too long.
It's gone all bitter.

New favorite movie -
Brotherhood of the Wolf rocks.
It's better than sex.

Plague has hit my mod.
First me, then Shiraz, Lesley.
Now Waxler's got it.

We have travel mugs
Also, I have a stock pot.
We are cooking geeks.



by Kathleen Chadwick, columnist

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CS PIMPIN' AIN'T EASY

more and more like an elementary school field day where everyone gets a trophy. Heaven forefend someone work hard on something and another dare to point out its obvious and inherent flaws. I blame postmodernism. Damn it to hell.

But I'm straying from the topic at hand.

Thank god I'm obsessive about handing in papers on time. Cause she says no late work, and man, if she doesn't look like she actually means it. Welcome to a Hampshire Student's hell, pt. 2: Having actual, meaningful deadlines. You mean I can't get Div. 1 credit three semesters later? Oh, shit.

Fine by me, though. This

class looks like it is going to be barrels of fun.

Preliminary Odds on Jeffrey getting 1/2 Div. 1 credit: 4 to 1

I like my chances here, as long as I don't get lazy, or burned out by Darwin's Kids. Damn, with that in mind, maybe 4 to 1 is a bit optimistic.

I would be remiss if I failed to mention that the textbook for this class is going to be another eighty bucks or so. That's life. The school textbook store was going to charge 100+, so the trip to Amherst is well worth it, as my total expenditure on books this semester looks to be about 400 whole American dollars. I've discovered how the school managed to pay off the

bill for the Barry Moser bible, by charging 30 bucks a pop for the regular ones. Then again, any time they can stick it to the student body with good old-fashioned capitalist principles, I have to smile a little bit.

Until next time, if any of you out there feel the compulsion to plaster this article all over campus surrounded by handwritten defamatory invectives, at least use a good picture of me. Here's a freebie:



by Anna Murchison, contributor

Hello Hampshire! We're always trying to give back to the arts here at Hampshire College, so we present this officially endorsed John Astin portable likeness! Cut on the bold lines, attach some elastic with staples or tape, and you'll have your very own, form-fitting face fantasy! Just slip it on, and you'll win the respect of your peers and colleagues near-instantly! They'll no doubt mistake you for international star of the small and silver screens John Astin! Father of SAM THE HOBBIT FROM LORD OF THE RINGS, John Astin has a style and flair all his own, that is yours for free! If you want to stand out as John is wont to do, we suggest adding feathers, sequins, glitter, or dried beans! Not that this mask needs any sprucing up, mind you! Enjoy!

